

## THE ARGUS.

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BY THE J. W. POTTER CO.

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Saturday, January 17, 1914.

The sun is rising earlier these days. But the alarm clock doesn't change. It remains awake all night waiting for its victim.

Probably the managers of the Panama exposition will now throw up their hands in despair. Mexico has decided not to exhibit.

It is claimed that the merchants of New York lose \$25,000,000 every year through commercial frauds. But how much do the outsiders lose?

The question is raised by Prof. William H. Taft needs 35 suits of clothes, but of course he has to make some effort to keep up with the college students.

Although the currency question may be settled, the country will not rest quiet until some way is found to prevent the pitcher from passing formidable batsmen.

Among other belated acts of the executive committee of the Rock Island county central committee should have been the wiring of condolences to Prof. Taft.

If, as is claimed, panics will be impossible under the new currency law, some of the eminent financiers on Wall street may have to go to work for a living.

One disadvantage about the warfare in Mexico is that it is difficult to distinguish the difference between the report of a photographer's flashlight and the boom of a cannon.

The financial starvation policy of American government is working in connection with the Huerta administration is undoubtedly doing its mission. The usurping dictator is down to the bone and only able to get money by armed raids on thrifty people, and enforcement of the orders to accept paper money or be assaulted.

Bob Fitzsimmons, former heavyweight champion and now 53 years of age, has petitioned the New York courts for permission to reappear in the boxing arena to restore the prestige of the marly art of self defense. He declares that if the law will let him go he will restore the pastime to its pristine place and guarantee that there will be no foot races or tango dances staged as fights. It is surmised that Bob has designs on a certain Jack Johnson.

## THE "GO TO CHURCH SUNDAY."

The holding of an "Everybody at Church Sunday" is being tried in various cities, and almost invariably with big congregations and much enthusiasm.

On the side of pure advantage to daily work, outside of spiritual benefits, a strong case can be made out for church going. It substitutes quiet for bustle, optimism for depression.

The modern church must advertise. Not merely must it use publicity methods, but it needs to persuade people who are irregular in attendance to try the experiment once in a while.

Some of the transients of a church going Sunday become regulars, and only good results.

## THE JANUARY THAW.

Symptoms are abundant that the recurring January thaw is with us once more. The only feature lacking is something to thaw. There is no snow to melt, the ground is not frozen to any great depth and is so dry, anyway, that there can be little mud. The Mississippi river is clear of ice opposite this city and there has been only enough on the ponds, sloughs and canal to make skating safe.

Warm southern breezes blow so mild and full of promise that it is difficult to doubt that old Boreas is in full retreat with his spinal column proverbially broken. Sparrows twitter lightly about their domestic affairs, Johnny has hunted up his bag of marbles and even the spring campaign is warming up.

One has to look at the calendar at least twice to assure himself that winter is approximately half over.

## THE PAINFUL REALITY.

Painful in the extreme has been the nagging with which republicans have seized some suggestions appearing editorially in the Chicago Tribune, setting forth in effect that the only chance of routing the democratic party in Illinois repose in the reunion of the republican and progres-

sive organizations, rank and file. The Tribune being the earliest exponent of the bull moose cause and the original supporter of Roosevelt, the anxious republicans have been grasping at the hope that out of the Tribune's philosophy would come some way to bring about a new amalgamation, along lines, of course, that would restore their once beloved party to power.

Accordingly, the Tribune, erstwhile strandy, but in the last campaign rededicated and despoiled of all the holders of the faith, republican, has been extensively quoted and referred to and columns have been given to reproduction of what it has had to say on the subject.

But, alas, the rude awakening, the sad reality. Comes now the Tribune of Thursday of this week with one of John T. McCutcheon's convincing cartoons, which through the courtesy of the Tribune, is reproduced on another page of this issue of The Argus.

The republicans who have been preparing their mouths for bull moose meat will be obliged to look for other game. The elephant is still physically infirm and his digestive apparatus much out of order.

What a cruel caper the Tribune has been guilty of.

## VERY MUCH MIXED.

What desperate straits the local republican machine has been driven to may be imagined when the executive committee of the county republican committee postpones for more than a year the closing of the business connected with the presidential campaign. If it is true as stated that some of the accounts of 1912 remained unsettled it is a confession that the party organization has remained dormant till prodded into activity by its creditors.

It is not true and the real purpose was to get an expression from either representative republicans or representative bull moose from which to draw a line for the guidance of the republicans in the coming county and congressional campaign then, judging by its results, the session was a flat failure. If others than members of the executive committee were invited they failed to attend, evidently because they feared to be placed on record one way or the other.

Republican-bull moose politics just now is very much mixed.

## SUPINE SUBMISSION TO A LOW ELEMENT.

At the time the municipal assembly last fall eliminated a number of the most notorious dives in the city, The Argus, while giving the council credit for so much as it accomplished, stated plainly that, in its opinion, the process had not gone far enough or deep enough. Since then events have demonstrated that what the city did do has had a wholesome effect and moral conditions are manifestly better than they have been, perhaps, for years. A bad element, white and black, has been driven out and professional gamblers, crooks and confidence men no longer haunt the city.

So far, so good. Revelations of the past week have demonstrated, however, that a few of the lower class who live off debauchery and sin, remain. These belong to what The Argus has so often referred to as the "drop in" portion in the population. Driven out of other communities they light where they may and remain until they are ordered hence. They are the most disreputable to the undesirable of the community. They bring disgrace and shame upon the locality and drag the liquor traffic into disrepute. They are the cause of all agitation, a constant source of irritation and annoyance. Their licenses to sell liquor revoked they defy the law and run without a license under the guise of selling "soft drinks," "near beer," etc.

Apprehended and fined in a justice court for running disorderly houses, they appeal from a \$10 fine to a higher court.

Think of it! Notorious dive keepers claiming that they have any rights in a decent community and seeking to test those rights, when confronted with conviction.

The very suggestion is a reflection upon the process of law and an insult to decency.

In any properly regulated city a word of warning to such characters is sufficient. Told in a manner that means business that they are not wanted, they go without argument or even comment.

Here they show fight and when convicted they "appeal."

Why should there be any temporizing with such characters?

Why should men of the Galvin and Rice type be allowed to continue in business without a license and operate day and night seven days a week, when legitimate saloon keepers who obey the law and respect the regulations are obliged to pay a license and observe closing hours?

There is an answer somewhere. And there is a way to rid the community of this class. It is as simple as calling the roll in the police station. It is merely to do as other cities have done, and inform this element that its presence is no longer desired in the city.

Then it will go and go quickly. Those who contemptuously disregard the requirements of law and decency, know as well as anyone that they have no standing in court, and when they get the final word they heed it. If they fail, a few raids, not occasionally but regularly and systematically, will have its effect.

They will soon decamp.

It is up to the city, not to the courts.

Washington—A particle of radium, on which a federal bureau will base experiments in an effort to standardize radium in the United States, was received from Paris. It weighs twenty milligrams and cost \$1,500.

## Capital Comment

BY OLYDE H. TAVENNER

Congressman from the Fourteenth District.

(Special Correspondence of The Argus.)

Washington, Jan. 15.—Any member of congress desiring to save to the people his salary for the next seventy-five years to come, without in the least jeopardizing the public interest will soon have the opportunity. The task is not difficult. It is as easy as the turning over of the hand.

All that is necessary to effect a saving of millions to the people is to provide in appropriation bills that hereafter all munitions of war be manufactured by the government at Rock Island and other arsenals and navy yards.

Millions of dollars worth of this work is now going to a ring of private manufacturers, which is outrageously overcharging the government, while at the same time violating the anti-trust laws and paying low wages and imposing unfair conditions upon its employees. No less than one hundred million dollars of the people's money has been spent by the war and navy departments with the ammunition ring and the armor ring. Practically the same interests are back of both these groups. It is a conservative statement to say that in all probability one-fourth of this \$100,000,000, or \$25,000,000, could have been saved to

the people had all this work been done by the government. And the men actually doing the work would have received considerably higher wages for eight-hour work days than the employees of the steel companies received for nine and ten-hour work days, and in some instances 12 hours a day and seven days a week.

But the days of the armor ring and the ammunition ring are numbered. Their friends are no longer in the saddle. Secretary of the Navy Daniels has told the gentlemen behind the armor trust they can no longer reach into the public treasury and appropriate whatever sums they please, as has been their custom.

Chairman James H. of the house military affairs committee, is bringing out testimony showing that the war department is paying the private manufacturers 35 per cent more for ammunition and other supplies than it can, and is manufacturing the identical articles for in the government

arsenals. The dawn of the new order of things is revealed in the annual report of the secretary of the navy, recently issued. "The time has come," states Secretary Daniels, "when the department should be freed from excessive prices charged by private manufacturers of armor plate, guns and gun forgings, powder, torpedoes, and other supplies and other munitions."

The real meaning of the secretary's recommendation that hereafter the government manufacture practically everything it uses in large quantities, is that for the first time in years the United States government, and not the armor ring, is in control of the navy department.

## EXPERIMENTAL ROAD BUILDING

Washington, D. C., Jan. 17.—Over 450,000 square yards of different types of roads for experimental and object lesson purposes were constructed during the fiscal year 1912-1913 under the supervision of the office of public roads, U. S. department of agriculture, according to bulletin 53 of the department, making a total of over four million square yards of road constructed under the supervision of this office since 1905.

The types of roads built were brick, concrete, oil cement concrete, bituminous concrete, bituminous surfaced concrete, bituminous macadam, surface

## \$16,588 NETTED BY SALE OF RELICS OF LINCOLN

New York, Jan. 17.—The sum of \$16,588 was realized at the opening sessions yesterday afternoon and last night of the sale of the William H. Lambert collection of Lincolniana—said to be the finest collection in existence of Abraham Lincoln autographs, books and relics. Book lovers and collectors from many cities attended the sale.

George D. Smith was a persistent bidder and the most extensive purchaser. He paid the top price of the sale, \$3,350 for one of three duplicate copies of the original 13th constitutional amendment, signed by Lincoln, Colfax and Hamlin. For one of 50 authorized copies of the original emancipation proclamation signed by Lincoln and Seward, he paid \$1,900, and for the "Webster's dictionary for private

schools," used by Lincoln when he was an attorney at Springfield, Ill., \$730.

E. D. North obtained for \$675 originals of the play bill issued by Ford's theatre the day on which Lincoln was assassinated—thirty-five in all, mounted on heavy board and bound in half-morocco, and for \$500 the "Illinois conveyancer," with "A. Lincoln, 1854," written on the fly leaf.

Charles Fiedler of Philadelphia paid \$550 for "A Treatise on the Limitations of Actions at Law and Suits in Equity and Admiralty," by Angell, having Lincoln's autograph three times upon legal documents inserted.

Boston—Co-operation of the department of justice in the reorganization of the Boston and Maine railroad after its separation from the New York, New Haven & Hartford system was pledged by Attorney General McKenney in a letter received by Governor Walsh.

## "The Young Lady Across the Way"



The young lady across the way says she saw in the paper that the violin soloist at the symphony orchestra concert was a great virtuoso and she certainly was glad to know it and for her part she believed that half the stories you heard about the bad habits of musicians and actors were made up out of whole cloth.

The ONLOOKER  
HENRY HOWLAND  
The Little Helper

Sometimes, when you, dear little one, Have closed your eyes and gone to sleep, When all my daily tasks are done, Beside your little bed I creep, To watch you smiling while you dream, All pure at heart, from trouble free, And, though you do not know or guess, You make me long for worthiness, And lure my lost hopes back to me.

Sometimes, when all my efforts seem To be of no avail, and when My wish to claim the world's esteem And be the peer of worthy men Has seemed a futile wish, I bend Beside you where you sleeping lie, And, as I watch, my hopes return, And through your trust, in me I learn To keep ideals that are high.

Sometimes, when night's deep shades descend, And raindrops beat against the pane, When "hush" the storm the branches bend, And all this dripping boughs complain, I watch you where you sweetly sleep, Your trust in me serene, secure, And, though you do not know, you sweep My doubts away and let me keep My faith unshaken, my purpose pure.

Business. "I may have to stay in town pretty late tonight, Mary. I expect a man to be here from New York to consult me on business."

"Very well, John. If it is business I shall, of course, have to excuse you."

"Thank you, dear. I am glad you take it so sensibly. We can't afford to let our inclinations interfere with business, you know."

"Yes, I realize that. I'm rather sorry it had to happen this evening, though. Pretty little Mrs. Gayleigh, who got back from Reno a few days ago, has promised to come in to dinner tonight, and I thought you might like to be here."

"Bertha Gayleigh? I didn't know she had come back. It may be that the New York man will want to get away on an early train. I think I heard him say something about it."

If She Were a Man. "Say, Mary, it doesn't seem to me that you take me into consideration when you express the wish that you were a man. Do you realize that you wouldn't be here now if you were a man?"

"Yes, I realize it, and you wouldn't be here now, either, if I were a man. You'd be as far away somewhere and running as fast as you could."

Where the Power Lies. "My dear sir," said the visiting Englishman, "you people in this country don't know what a real republic is. Your president has vastly more power than we permit our king to exercise."

"Oh, we all recognize that, but you seem to forget the power your queen is permitted to exercise."

Weakness and Strength. If you've put away your sorrow, Merely thinking you will wait For some joy to come tomorrow, You are weakly tempting fate.

If you've turned your back on sadness, Thinking it is only fair To expect some unearned gladness, You are flirting with despair.

You are strong if, sorely stricken, You can cling to courage still, Striving, though the clouds may thicken, Bravely to work out your will.

Might Be Worse. "What's the trouble, old man? You look worried."

"I am. My son wants to start a chicken farm."

"Oh, well, try to throw it off. He might be wanting to buy or sell on margins."

Ingratitude. A Missouri farmer was nearly kicked to death by a mule that he had rescued from a burning barn. A mule may be as ungrateful as a thoughtless son.

Important Provision. "I want to marry your daughter, sir."

"Do you think you are capable of paying the alimony she has been accustomed to receive?"

Way to Marital Happiness. "Marry a bright woman for success and a pretty one for happiness," advises a student of the problem. Also one who can cook for the benefit of the digestion might be advisable, but the pesky laws limit you to one.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

## The Daily Story

THE MAN IN SEEDY CLOTHES—BY F. A. MITCHELL.

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Half a century ago the celebrated gambling house at Monte Carlo did not exist. At that time Baden Baden was the center of attraction for those who wished to "buck the tiger." The building devoted to the purpose was not as splendid as that now at Monte Carlo, but it was a handsome one for those times.

One night a man of mean appearance entered the spacious gambling hall at Baden Baden, shambled up to the table and stood behind those inclosing it looking at the game. His eyesight seemed to be sensitive, for he wore colored glasses. His clothing was shabby, and his appearance was by no means improved by his beard, which was long and scraggly.

After watching the game for awhile he pushed his way to a seat beside the table that had been left vacant by a woman who had lost all her money and had nothing for a stake. On the stranger's left was a German baron, who, looking aside at his new neighbor and not relishing the proximity of such a looking man, gathered up the coins before him and withdrew.

The seedy individual drew from his pocket a purse, from which he took a few gold pieces and distributed them over the numbers he wished to cover. The wheel was spun, the ball rattled about in the inclosure, and the croupier announced what had won and what had lost. The stranger was ahead on his bets. The next time he lost, and next won and continued to win and lose, his winnings usually equaling his losses.

At the table directly opposite the newcomer sat a young man, whom a number of the players recognized as a member of the ducal court. He was known to be talented and a favorite with his sovereign. Much of his time was spent at the gaming table, and report said that a splendid estate he possessed was gradually being transferred to others through the roulette table. On this occasion he was playing feverishly, risking large sums and usually losing.

At last he had nothing more to lose and sat with his hat drawn down over



SOME ONE PULLED THE GAMBLER'S HAT OFF.

his eyes, doubtless to conceal his emotion, looking fixedly on the red where he had lost his last stake.

At the moment a handsomely dressed woman entered the hall with a hasty step and approached the table evidently looking for some one. Seeing the nobleman, she went to him, stood behind him and was about to lay a hand on his shoulder when the seedy individual opposite pushed a handful of gold pieces in front of his vis-a-vis. Whether the latter did not understand that an offer of a loan had been made him or whether he declined to accept a favor from one of such disreputable appearance none could tell. But he continued to gaze as before on the red, making no motion to use the proffered coins. Then the man who had made the offer partly rose, reached across the table and placed the money he had offered on a spot where if it won it would win 5 to 1.

This incident held the hand of the lady behind the nobleman, and instead of letting it fall where she had intended she waited. The wheel was spun, the ball rattled, and, being at last caught in one of the receptacles, the croupier announced the result. A dozen gold pieces that the seedy man had placed for his vis-a-vis were covered by sixty pieces of the same denomination.

All eyes were fixed on the winner to see what he would do. Would he accept his winnings? If so would he repay the loan? Would he replace his new stake? Would he leave the whole amount where it was?

He answered these questions by doing nothing. He made no motion. His hat concealed the upper part of his face so that no one could see what he expressed. Since he did not withdraw his winnings it was assumed that he would leave them where they were. If he lost he would lose the whole amount; if he won he would win five times the sixty or 300 gold pieces.

The direction "Make your bets" was given, and the wheel was turned. By this time those about the table had largely lost interest in their own bets in the more absorbing diversion of watching this reckless player, who seemed resolved to risk all on one turn of the wheel. The ball rattled louder than ever in the surrounding silence. The hush continued till the croupier announced that the 5 to 1 bet had won again, then burst forth a din of ex-

clamations. The only impassive person at the table was the winner. He made no sign of excitement, did not extend a hand toward the gold that was won on to the table for him to take. The seedy man who was the cause of all this good fortune had ceased to bet, being apparently intent upon the person he had befriended. But his features, too, were concealed, the principal one, his eyes, being covered by the colored glasses.

The exclamations of the onlookers were succeeded by another hush. Could it be possible that the winner would leave what now amounted to nearly \$2,000 of his money where it was, taking the chances again of losing all or winning five times the amount? The silence was broken by a soft voice coming from the woman standing behind the object of all this interest:

"Carl, hadn't you better take up some of your winnings?"

There was no reply—at least none was heard, for at that moment the ball rattled again.

For the third time the five to one was won. What was before mingled exclamations was now a hubbub. The heap of coins would be too large for the spot covered, and an I O U was put on the pile. The seedy man sat still, looking at the man for whom he had rendered possible these winnings, but he made no protest against tempting fate further.

"Oh, Carl!" cried the woman behind the gambler. "Don't! Please don't risk it all again!"

But the appeal was disregarded. The spinner of the wheel waited a few moments, but, receiving no sign that the money on the five to one spot would be changed, twirled it, and again the croupier announced that the bank had lost.

Something like \$50,000 had now accrued to the credit of the winner. The woman behind him put her arms about his neck, with her face close to his, it was noticed that she shuddered. The seedy man opposite arose with his eyes glued to the couple before him. Then the woman gave a shriek.

Some one pulled the gambler's hat off. A burst of horror followed the uncovering of a face that bore the pallor of death, eyes that were fixed in a vacant stare on the pile of gold before them. The woman fainted and was carried out of the room by one party of attendants, while the dumb gambler was carried off by another. These two objects of interest having been removed, the crowd looked about for the man with the threadbare clothes who had furnished the original stake.

He had disappeared.

While the excitement, the horror, was at its height he was leaving the gambling hall and, passing out of the gardens in which the building stood, called a cab, got in and, to the driver, who bent down to hear to what place he wished to be driven, said:

"To the palace of the grand duke."

Stopping before a door in the rear of the building the "fare" turned his over to a lackey for his pay and hurried upstairs. Entering one of the apartments, he summoned attendants who divested him of his clothes and handed him others.

"Send for the Count de —" he said.

The Count de — was the prime minister. In half an hour he appeared at the palace and was ushered into a apartment where the grand duke was awaiting him.

"Count," said the latter, "Baden must cease to be a gambling hell."

The count, astonished, waited for explanation. The grand duke continued:

"One of our brightest young men, Baron Carl Steinforth, whom I have intended for a high position, has recently—so I heard—been losing his patrimony. Knowing that he has frequented the Casino every day and evening, I went there tonight in disguise partly to see him for myself and partly to look upon what is going on there. I was present when he staked and lost his last coin. I put up a stake for him, which he did not win, and I now believe he was dead not only, and offered it. I placed it for him where it would win, and it did win seven times in succession. The baroness, his wife, came in to look for him doubtless to get him away at the moment I put up the stake. She waited while he won, then discovered the truth. She was carried out of the hall pale as a corpse; her husband was carried off as a corpse."

"I desire that you immediately take steps to recall the gambling privilege accorded to this nefarious casino. Let it be your first business on tomorrow."

Such is the story of the recall of the license for gambling at Baden Baden as I heard it told by one who had been intimate with members of the grand ducal court. Had it not (the gambler) been transferred to Monte Carlo, Europe would have got rid of a center point for gamblers. As it is, the business was simply moved from one point to another. But Germany is fortunate in putting it off her territory.

## Jan. 17 in American History.

1706—Birth in Boston of Benjamin Franklin, author, inventor, philosopher, diplomat and statesman; died 1790.

1781—Battle of the Clouds, S. C. The British under Tarleton defeated the patriots under General Daniel Morgan.

1803—General Rutherford B. Hayes, ex-president of the United States, died; born 1822.

1913—E. Prentiss Bailey, editor of the Utica Observer since 1857, died; Utica, N. Y.; born 1834.

All the news all the time—Argus.